

The One

by Soaring Keys

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Summary: No person is invincible and no person can overcome death, but what about a dragon? Dragons do not die, they are not as fragile as humans. They are merely reborn - old souls, man-kind calls them. They evolve into another being, but the down side about their eternal life is that they can only love once and pray that if their lover dies they will be re-born as well.

1. Be sure to catch me, Buddy!

****DISCLAIMER: ****I do not own How To Train Your Dragon 1, 2 or any of it's characters. Yes, this fic does include spoilers of HTTYD2. You have been warned.

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><p>Prologue

__****__**Be sure to catch me, Buddy!**__****_

* * *

><p>It was only getting worse.<p>

Hiccup had known this. He had known for a while that his time was dwindling. His coughs were worse than before, hacking and spewing unmentionables and blood, all of which he hid in a napkin he stubbornly had on his person at all time, vigorously cleaning it after every incident.

He was beginning to lose control of his mouth, random and incoherent words just tumbled out without his consent, at times he didn't even know he had said anything at all.

His bones creaked and popped at the joints when he moved, aching in

various places and easily trembled with too much exertion. His fingers were painfully stiff to the point where he couldn't even grasp onto his beloved charcoal pens to write or draw. His sleeping patterns had grown irregular, it didn't take much until he was out like a light and sleeping like a babe.

But the worse part wasn't the growing number of moles and wrinkles nor the gray freying hairs on top of his head, no, it was the fact that he was losing his memory. His most beloved and treasured memories were wiped clean out of his mind as the days and nights blurred into one. Faces were blurring out of existence and names were being swept away. Places and sights that he knew he had seen had long since faded away.

The chilling touch of a cloud was forgotten on his wrinkled skin and the heat of a summer's day was merely a dream. The laughter of a child he knew he must have cherished echoed in his mind, but no matter how long he sat and pondered, no face nor a name popped forward, just the sweet echo of a cheerful laugh. There were many other small details that he knew of, but couldn't place where he knew them from.

Until finally they all became a story of another in his mind.

His name was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third and he was dying with barely a sliver of a remembrance of his previous life.

He was bounded to his bed now. His muscles too weak to function properly and his bones too frail to lift on their own. He could hear voices outside his darkened, musky room that was in great need for some fresh air, a slight line of light underneath the door blocked threshold was shadowed by moving bodies.

He couldn't remember the voices either. He knew he should have, but the soft tone of the female was odd to his ears as well as the rough timber of the male's.

"We need to do something, he can't even move anymore without being in pain." He heard her whisper, the feminine voice cracking as her light sniffles were heard.

"There's nothing we can do other than to let him leave in peace." Replied the rough one, perhaps they were married? How nice for them, love is always so youthful.

"But Agdar-" the female nearly shrieked as the sound of a chair scrapping across a wooden floor echoed through their home.

"No, Astrid." The male, supposedly Agdar, shouted as a thump sounded from the sliver of light. "Leave him alone. There's nothing we can do for him. Dad is dying and that is something we have to come to terms with." Alright, not newly-weds.

A heart wrenching sob broke out and shuffling could be heard followed shortly by murmured words of comfort.

^_Their father was dying, that's a shame, poor kids._^ Hiccup thought as he settled deeper into his bed.

Yes, his memories had been wiped clean, but there was one thing he

knew of his previous life. One thing he would always know and love. The animal he had cared for as a child, not even a teenager. The very animal that had laid by his side day in and day out, refusing to leave and attacking any who tried to separate them. The memories of diving into the open air, feeling the chill of the clouds and the rush of the winds before landing solidly on the cushioned harness that was strapped onto the creature's back.

A smile overcame the elder man's face as he turned his head to the side, his hollowed cheek pressing into the fluffy pillow as he traced the slender form of the great beast next to him.

"Toothless." He called as he reached a frail hand forward. The dragon jumped up, his tail wanging furiously behind him as his tongue rolled out of the side of his mouth. He leaned forward and nuzzled his great nose into the palm of the aged man.

But this time Toothless shrugged back from the odd smell of his master's hand. He drew in another breath and growled. His master's forest-life and musty scent was clouded by another. An ominous scent that forced its way into his nostrils and rung bells of alarm in his mind, it's been a scent that had bothered the great dragon greatly for a long time.

The scent of blood, rot and... death.

"Hey, Bud." Hiccup said cheerfully as he drew back his hand, placing it on his chest as he smiled crookedly at his dragon, not noticing the distrustful gaze his loyal companion had in his eyes. "There's a lot of strange people around here, do you know any of them, bud?"

Toothless continued to stare his master down with cautious eyes, his top lip twitched in distaste while his throat released threatening growls. Hiccup was quick to catch on to his dragon's emotions. Already able to guess what had his precious dragon on edge without any words being said. His eyes softened as he held out his hand again; nodding his head to tell his dragon it was alright.

"I know, Toothless, I know." He whispered, his voice hitching crackling with years of use and shouting. "Come on, buddy, I don't have much left."

Toothless growled at his words before shoving into the calloused hand, his snout pushing his hand over his head until settling beneath the fragile arm of his master's, nuzzling into the warmth of the blankets tucked in around him, ignoring the heavy smell it radiated.

Hiccup patted his dragon's great head, his hand slipping over the familiar scales as a small smile overcame his features. "It's alright, Toothless, It's alright. I've lived a good life. I'm only sorry for not being stronger."

The dragon huffed at his words, angry that he would think of himself as weak. Only the strongest of the strong could handle a night fury, and Hiccup has done so since he was just a boy. Hiccup knew, he could see it in the great beast's eyes that he was displeased with his words and thoughts. Hiccup could read the tense shoulders and the slightly narrowed eyelids that Toothless wasn't happy at

all.

Slowly those large green watery eyes widened as his draconian brows parted from each other. His collection of ears folded back on his head as his throat released a pitiful whine. Tears filled the elder's eyes as he slowly sat up, holding Toothless's head on his weakened lap as he bent over him. He buried his face into the beast's rough shoulder as his tears escaped his withering brown eyes.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." He chanted as he nuzzled into Toothless's shoulder, hugging the dragon close to him. "You'll live for many, many more years. They will take care of you, my children, those people outside, they'll take care of you." He sobbed.

The 2 sat like that for a while. The old man's dying sobs and the dragon's gentle growls and purrs were the only sounds heard from that stuffy molding room.

Slowly Hiccup pulled back, his back straightened as he wiped his eyes in a poor attempt to dry his eyes. He used his sleeve as best he could but there was a familiar tickle at the back of his throat. A dreaded tickle that he was, unfortunately, well acquainted with. He quickly grabbed his hidden napkin from his bed side table and pressed it against his mouth before the coughing fit overcame his body.

He's entire body shook as he coughed into the napkin. His throat raw as flem and other slimy substances evacuated from his body in the most painful way. He grasped at his chest, feeling the pain intensify with every cough. His heart thumped fast and heavy, seizing as more coughs escaped him, the bones made up of his ribcage suddenly felt uncomfortable in his body and was now clawing their way out of his skin.

Once the fit had calmed he sat still on his bed, panting heavily as he rubbed at his chest. The sharp sting still there and his heart still pounding, which was good. His heart was still working, still thumping... still fighting.

Toothless stood to the side, his head sunken between his front paws as his tail was tucked beneath his body. Hiccup crumpled the handkerchief and hid it in his draw. He didn't want to see what he knew was there, the blood, flem and other bodily acids and bits that escaped him. He glanced at his dog-like dragon with apologetic eyes. "I can't help it." He whispered his throat too raw to speak any louder.

The world around him was spinning. Hiccup lay back down, his body was malfunctioning and he realized that his heart was working too fast. The organ was pumping out more blood than needed and bringing on an onslaught of it to his brain. His sight was blurring and his chest ached with panic. He clawed at the skin above his heart, gasping from the pain.

"Too-thless!" He shouted. His aged voice broke horribly as he reached forward in desperation. He needed to feel the rough scales against his skin, hear the heated breathe of his companion and see, even with his continually fading sight, the large green eyes of the only friend he would remember and cherish long after his passing.

"To-Toothless!"

Toothless leapt over his master, his massive body hovering over Hiccup, weary not to put any pressure on his weakened bones, and nuzzled into his neck. The great Night Fury shoved his large snout beneath his chin as he cuddled into his owner.

Hiccup's breathing slowed and his panic vanished. His eyesight was only worsening and so he shut his eyes as he hugged his dragon close to him, ignoring the ache in his limbs.

Listening closely to Toothless' soothing breathing, feeling the heat his body brought as he ran his hands down the comforting scales he escaped reality. He was no longer the frail old man who lay on his deathbed; he was the young brave "Dragon conqueror".

His chest was puffed out in confidence that was developed from years of training various dragons and trainers, his eyes were bright with curiosity and his mind was reeling with knowledge. He was the first Viking to have ever tamed a dragon and was the first to have ever flown; now because of him Vikings were riding and living peacefully side by side the dragons.

He had made the world a bright and happier place, just by befriending a dragon.

That young boy was now standing on the edge of a cliff, his toes wagging into the empty air as he breathed in the fresh air and dragon-nip. The waves below slammed against the rocks, but they made a comforting, holy sound. His muscles relaxed and his mind found peace.

"This is it boy. I love you." He whispered his voice young and vibrant as he placed his strong hand onto the dragon's lean head. "Be sure to catch me, Buddy!"

The great dragon trainer jumped from that cliff and dove into the icy waters below, a smile spread across his face as he reveled in the rushing air. The air of freedom.

That night the anguished cries of a Night Fury alerted the village of a great loss. His cries were followed by others of various tones and melodies. The draconian song was sung throughout the night and well into morning.

They grieved the loss of their master, teacher and of their friend.

* * *

><p>The early rays of the morning sun peaked from the heavily clouded sky. The calm waters glimmered in delights as it soaked in the precious shining of light. Stones on boulders twinkled beneath the light as the rare patches of grass were illuminated by the orange shine of dawn. Amongst nature's beauty was a single wooden boat, innocently sailing into the sea and stacked high with lumber.<p>

It was a sight too beautiful, too innocent for the mourning crowd that lined the shore.

Women attempted to dampen their sobs as their men embraced them.

Ashen-faced children clung to their mother's worn skirts or the rough leather of their father's pant leg whilst coddling their sullen baby dragons. The older dragons were perched on various forms of hut and jotted rocks - not one in flight. Their great wings were all tucked securely on their backs with their shoulders slumped and heads lowered.

The skies were empty of life, the forests were eerily silent and the sea was uncomfortably calm.

And at the very edge of the harbor that held ships of various sizes was the great Night Fury flanked by 2 humans; one man and one woman. The burly brown-haired man held onto a metal handle, one that was dotted with a variety of buttons and was formed to fit a slimmer hand, thus making the contraption seem feeble and useless in the hands of the much larger Viking. Beside him stood a petite blonde woman who clung onto an odd metal helmet that was worn and rusted from use and age. The object was held close to her chest as she cried, her body trembling with every sob.

The mountain of a man wrapped one arm around her as he nodded in acknowledgement towards the great black dragon beside him. The Night Fury gave no such gesture in return. His back rigid and tense as his intense green eyes were narrowed onto the sailing boat on the waters horizon. The man sighed as he turned around and gazed over the grief ridden people of Berk.

"I am Agard Hiccup Haddock, Son of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock The Third and Astrid Haddock, Chief of the Hooligan Tribe." He announced with a loud booming voice that could only belong to a Viking. His chest puffed out in dominance and strength, an act of leadership. He paused as he looked over the faces of his people. "We have suffered a great loss. Last night Chief Hiccup Haddock passed in his sleep. He was a man of the people," The crowd shouted their agreements, but settled down quickly enough for Agars to continue. "and of the dragons." The dragons did not cheer, they all nodded sullenly in respect.

"He, alone, was the bridge between our races. Where we once fought and killed dragons we, today, nourish and protect them. Dragons will always have a home in Berk and that is through Hiccup Haddock's legacy. Today, his body will burn and through his ashes we will find peace and the will to protect our home, our family!" He shouted as the crowd gave out a teary cheer for the memory of their late leader. Agard raised the silver sword-handle into the air, pushing a button and bringing forth a blade of fire.

The people of Berk roared with pride. Screaming Chief Hiccup's name and blessing him a safe passage to Valhalla.

Agard allowed his people to rejoice a moment longer before calling back the flame and slicing his free hand through the air, silencing the deafening cheers. Without further word he turned towards the Night Fury and knelt. The Night Fury glanced down at him and lowered his head in respect. His green locked eyes with the quietly sobbing woman still hugging the helmet close to her.

Slowly she walked forward, sniffing as she walked, until finally she knelt in front of the great dragon and tied the helmet onto his saddle. With a final sob she fell forward and wrapped her arms around

him in a tight hug. The Night Fury bowed his head above her shoulder as a hug in return.

She pulled away slowly and stepped back to kneel beside her brother.

Like a building waves the crowd followed suit. Row by row kneeled before the dragon as the dragons all bowed their heads. Large metallic armor clanked as they tossed themselves to the ground in a show of loyalty.

Toothless slowly stood, his tail swayed and arched as he rightfully claimed his title of Alpha by raising his head above all others. His back burned blue as he acknowledges all those who kneeled. His eyes were cold as he scanned the crowd all of young faces that have been thoroughly protected from the wars that once plagued these lands.

His eyes caught sight of an old hunching man leaning heavily on a cane as he stood at the very edge of the cliff nearest the harbor, a grieving gronckle by his side. He ran his hand across the gronckle's back as he sent a sad smile to the Night Fury. He was the last of the Original dragon riders. Toothless inhaled sharply and caught the faint scent of death in the air. Fishlegs too will be gone from their world.

His body hardened as he in one, quick and aggressive swirl shot a ball of plasma with deadly accuracy. The bolt hit the sailing ship and ignited a hefty flame. The body of his life-long partner was burned and the scent of his burning flesh wafted through his nose despite the smell of soot and tears.

All at once flaming arrows were flung towards the burning boat. Some hitting rocks while others were extinguished by the water. Dragon fire was soon also thrown into the mix. The scent of flames was strong in the air, but Toothless could still only smell the body of his rider.

Soon the shooting ceased.

The people bowed their heads for one last silent prayer before dispersing, returning to their homes and work. Soon the shoreline was deserted and only Toothless and Hiccup's children stood left at the harbor.

Astrid the second stepped forward and ran her hand down his still activated back scales. "You're so strong, Toothless. Thank you for everything. I'm so happy that Dad's final moments were with you, the one who understood him in ways we couldn't. In ways mom couldn't."

Toothless gazed at her. Now, with the dragons and Vikings gone from sight, his hardened eyes were tearing and lost. Those vibrant green eyes shone dull as he gazed into the very eyes of his late rider. It was still the wrong face, the wrong hair and the wrong body... the wrong eyes.

Suddenly he opened his wings to their full length and leaped. The siblings let out a shock gasped as they watched the dragon furiously flap his wings and leap from rock to rock. Digging his talons into

the boulders and tearing away stones and letting the rubble fall from the cliffs and into the waters.

Finally he had made it to the final cliff away from the shore, the closest to the dying flame. The scent of burnt flesh and soot was the strongest there, but he didn't care. With a swift chomp he bit off the straps of his saddle and grabbed the contraption between his sharp teeth. There was a tug on his tail where the artificial tail was strapped on.

The red tail with the symbol of Berk was clear against his black scales. It was his rid- no, his partner's invention. The invention that had brought them together and strengthen a bond stronger than any partnership or brotherhood. They were the epitome of Dragon and Rider.

And now his other half was gone, leaving the prosthetic useless.

With a vicious growl he tore the tail off, grabbed saddled and prosthetic in between his teeth and threw it onto the embers, igniting the flames with a plasma bolt and staying until the boat sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Without Hiccup as his rider he will never fly again.

2. Not a bird or cat

****Chapter 1 - **_**Flying**_**

* * *

><p>He breathed in deeply. The cold air quickly filled his lungs and circulated, filling his body with oxygen before exhaling carbon dioxide. His heart pounded in his chest as he clutched onto the straps of his backpack. He nodded to his companion before stepping up to the edge of the plane. He peeked out, his hair batting against his forehead and flickered in the rushing wind.<p>

He took in the glorious landscape a thousand miles beneath him. They were flying over mountaintops now, but a few hundred yards away there were open grass fields. It was the perfect setting for a dive.

"You ready, Hiccup?!" His companion shouted as he adjusted his parachute bag's straps tighter against his body.

Hiccup gave him his infamous crooked grin before shooting the thumbs up. He braced himself against the threshold as he took a last chance to view the sights before him, watching the water of a stream glimmer in the warm sun and some wanderers hike through the green forests. He drew in another breath, pulling on his helmet and tightening the chin strap before leaping out of the plane.

His body sliced through the air as he dove through. His eyes watering slightly as his ears plugged themselves due to the sudden onslaught of pressure. He maneuvered his body with trained agility, enjoying the adrenaline rush that sky diving gave before pulling the parachute's strap. His chute shot out of his bag and quickly caught on to the wind.

After that it was smooth sailing.

He laughed gleefully as he maneuvered his body towards the fields. Breathing deeply as the rush caught up to him. His mind was spinning, but he couldn't have cared less.

There in the air he was free. Free from his demanding father and being the weird outcast, free from the pressure of school and the strain of being a teenager. He was simply free from everything life entailed for him. Isolated as he floated through the air, slowly catching up with the ground.

All too quickly, his feet were running along the ground as he quickly tried to stabilize himself, but he wasn't as acrobatic on land as he was in the air and tripped over his chute, sliding along the ground and filling his mouth with the very grass he had been admiring.

"Every time, man!" His friend, Tuffnut, laughed as he landed. He was slightly out of breath, but was more athletic than Hiccup was.

Tuffnut was a tall, lanky, blonde boy who was Hiccup's secret friend. At school they acted like they didn't know each other, but when they do this, sky diving, they were the best of friends. This odd friendship was born when they had both assigned for sky diving classes, his twin sister had thought it was boring and stuck with horseback riding. Being the only 2 of the same age in their classes had made them bond over their favorite sport.

But Tuffnut was one of the popular guys in school while Hiccup was, well, not.

"Yeah, but you know, I figured the ground just needed a little love. I keep leaving it." Hiccup replied in his snarky tone after having spat out the mouthful of dirt and grass, he smirked up at his friend as he stumbled onto his feet.

"Dude, if you had the choice you'd be a bird— an ugly bird—" Tuffnut replied as he froze, his chute clutched in his hands as his eyes glazed over with dazed wonder. "With these thin tiny wings and a huge head—" his shoulders shook as he chuckled.

He wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed either, which at times can amuse Hiccup or frustrate him.

Hiccup rolled his eyes as he grabbed onto his own chute, spreading the large fabric out in order to fold it. "What, with all this?" He replied as he gestured to his significantly scrawny body. "No female bird would resist all of this masculinity."

Tuffnut cocked his head to the side, his long blonde hair swaying as his brow furrowed. "Why would you want a girl bird?"

"Never mind, Tuffnut." He waved the comment off before turning back to rolling up his own chute.

"Oh, ha-ha, cool." Another moment passed. "Oh, I get it!

Hiccup couldn't stop his eyes from rolling.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sighed as he ran his hand through his shaggy hair. He walked with heavy footsteps away from his bus stop towards his home. He couldn't help but dread the predicted attack from his father as he drew closer to his house on the outskirts of town.<p>

He had already entered his neighborhood where all the people were either obese or stacked with muscle; his father was included in the latter category. His quaint little neighborhood was renowned for their Viking heritage and was infamous for their rough inhabitants who were often seen fighting, shouting or plainly drinking with each other. It was a loud and tough neighborhood by the name of Berk, where the people name their children according to myths and legends.

A good example would be Tuffnut and his sister, Ruffnut, who were named after these heroic twins who used to ride on a two-headed dragon. It was said that one head spewed a stream of toxic gas while the other ignited it and the twins were the only ones able to take that power and train it to do as they pleased. Their synchronization and team work was admired by many, kind of hard to believe when you look at the twins today.

Hiccup was named after a great man in history, the first to tame a dragon and ride it. He was a mighty man who wielded a flaming sword and a shield of silver. He was the one who brought peace to the lands as both dragon and man united together. He had tamed the mightiest and most deadly of all dragons and used its power to protect his village and people, but after his death the lands were overtaken by other Vikings. The village had been plundered, the women raped and the dragons slaughtered.

Hiccup shivered as he thought of that story. He had always thought it was unfair to the dragons and the poor people who had tried to protect them. They were animals, creatures with feelings just like any other but they were all killed, every last one of them.

"I named you after the greatest man in our history! You have a lot to live up to, son! Stop being a talking fishbone and shape those toothpicks you call arms!" Hiccup muttered, imitating his father's Scottish accent wildly gesturing with his hands towards his own body. "Sorry to disappoint you, dad."

There was a rustle nearby, causing Hiccup to halt in his steps. He glanced around in confusion, the surroundings were darkened by the cover of night, a few house windows were lit with shadows moving and shifting. Odd, he lived on the other side of the neighborhood, what was he doing here?

Another rustle sounded towards his right followed by a crash of metal causing him to yelp as he whirled around. His mind scanned the alleyway between two of the houses and noticed that there was a clothesline hanging between their windows and a metallic lid of a trash can rolled out from the shadows, falling onto its back with a crash shaking until it stilled. Perhaps it was just a bird or alley cat?

Hiccup chuckled to himself while muttering under his breathe.
"Stupid, paranoid idiot." Before turning on his heel and coming face to face with a pair of large green eyes.

Nope, not a bird or cat.

He couldn't stop the girlish scream that escaped his lips as he jumped back a meter, his face paling dramatically while his heart thundered louder than when he dives head first out of a moving airplane.

He stared at the green eyed stranger as he tried to calm his breathing. He clutched at his chest while pulling his bag higher on his back with caution. "Who the hell are you and why, in Thor's mighty name, are you sneaking around like some kind of stalker?!"

Hiccup couldn't stop his words. He was already beating himself up over the girly scream, now, he was planning suicide.

The stranger did not move from where he stood, slightly hunched over with his hands buried deep in the pockets of his black hoody. Now looking at the stranger Hiccup saw that their hair was the darkest shade of black he had ever seen which strongly contrasted against the emerald green of his eyes. He could tell that the stranger wasn't as muscled as his father, but neither was he lean and lanky like Tuffnut or a fishbone like himself. It was hard to really describe his appearance with him being hunched over and all.

Hiccup shook his head, knowing he was starrng. His cheeks were quickly regaining their color, and he needed to stop them from overflowing. "Well, what's with you? Are you a mute or something?" He near snarled. He knew that one day, one day soon his mouth would be his demise.

The stranger still refused to speak, merely cocking his head to the side as he studied him. The tense atmosphere was rapidly turning into awkward as they continued to stare each other down. Hiccup didn't dare move his eyes away from the stranger, but strained to see his surroundings through his pararell vision, unfortunately the sky and sun were not on his side this time as the area was already darkened, illuminated by street and house lights.

That's right... there were people in those houses. Living, breathing people were creating those shadows casted by the lights in their home. If he were to scream...

"What's your name?" The deep voice of the stranger startled him out of his musing.

"Wha-what did you say?" Hiccup asked, his eyes comically wide as he stepped back.

"Your name. What. Is. It?" The stranger growled as he took a step forward, his back straightening slowly as he took on his full length, a very intimidating length at that. Okay, not a fishbone... Still not like Hiccup's father though, he may have a chance if he cooperated until help arrived.

"Wh-Why do you want to know?" Hiccup questioned, his eyes growing

wide as he took another step back.

"You look like someone... I need to know your name. I need to confirm."

"Confirm what?! That you're a full-fledged stalker?!" So much for cooperation.

The stranger growled, a dark sound from the base of his throat. Never had he heard any man sound so animalistic as that, and remember, he lived with people who may as well have been vikings. Hiccup was sure that his sas was about to get him mauled.

"Are you Hiccup, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third?!" He snarled, his voice rising in volume as he took another step back.

Hiccup was stunned. His body shook as he slowly nodded. "I-I am, but not the third. Just Hiccup Horrendous Haddock." He replied, his tongue darting out to wet his dry lips. "I know it's an odd name, but it's really not my fault. What do you want from me?"

It took only a second for those vicious green eyes to soften and widen into that similar to a child, his entire being suddenly brightened as a small smile took over his face. "Hiccup..." He whispered as he staggered forward. "Hiccup..."

Suddenly he pounced. The stranger's lean arms wrapped themselves around Hiccup and pushed him against his strong chest. Hiccup's panic reached an all time high as he struggled against the meaty restraints. He tried to scream but the stranger was burying Hiccup's face into his chest as he sniffed at his hair. The stranger was sighing in delight as he nearly crushed Hiccup - who was scrawny enough as is.

"Hiccup... You're back... Finally."

It took all of Hiccups strength to break out of the stranger's hold and ran. He didn't care about his abandoned bag or if the stranger was chasing him - he needed to get home. He wasn't athletic so it was only a matter of time until his foot got caught on a stray root which caused him to slide against the ground a second time that day.

He groaned loudly as he tried to crawl forward, he could see his house, just a few feet away. The lights were on and he could see the large silhouette of his father pacing. He must be worried for his weak son being out so late at night.

"Hiccup..." A voice gasped breathlessly as he felt large hands lightly grasp at his ankle.

Hiccup reacted violently. He kicked his leg away and rolled onto his back, tears seeping from his eyes as he glared at the intruder.

"Leave me alone!"

"Oi, hold still! You'll only make it worse!" Gobber scolded as he grabbed at Hiccup's ankle again, prodding the bone with his meaty fingers as Hiccup hissed through the pain. Some ways away he heard a door opening, slamming against the wall as his mountain of a father poked his large head through the threshold.

"Hiccup! Gobber?" Stoic the Vast, named after a mighty viking rumoured to have crushed the skull of a man as soon as he was pushed out of the womb, cried out as he rushed forward. He stopped beside his old friend Gobber, who was also named after a viking who had crafted the best weapons known to viking-kind.

Does Hiccup believe any of these tales? Yes, yes he does. One glance at his father and friend and you'll see why. They were both large, biffy men with arms the size of trunks and legs twice of that, they continuously sprouted hair, so much so that Stoic gave up on shaving and simply let it grow out, Hiccup could sometimes hear him talking to it while he groomed it.

"Hiccup, my boy, what happened?"

"Nothing, da-d." Hiccup said as monotonous as he could, ignoring the slight quiver his voice made and the break towards the end. He didn't need another reason for his father to see him as weak. "I was just being my clumsy self."

Stoic sighed heavily as he leaned back on his heels. "Well, it doesn't seem to be broken." He stated as he scooped his son up into his arms. "Gobber, would ye like to come in and throw back a few cold uns?" He asked as he turned to his long time friend.

Gobber smiled widely as he hopped onto his feet, patting at his jeans. "Ye've read mi mind, ol' friend."

Stoic chuckled as he walked towards the house, exchanging playful banter with Gobber as they went. Stoic effortlessly carried his boy up the stairs and laid him down on his lumpy mattress while Gobber waited downstairs, probably helping himself to his father's stash already.

"How was diving?" Stoic asked as he settled into the chair that stood beside Hiccup's bed.

"Oh, you know, same old same old. Dove through the clouds and then landed on my face." Hiccup replied as he gave his father a watery grin. He wanted to be alone. He couldn't handle looking into his father's eyes without thinking about that forceful stranger. He wanted more than anything to just curl into a ball and forget the entire incident had happened.

His father on the other hand didn't really get the memo. "We should have enrolled you in ballet." He said jokingly, knowing that no son of his would ever dance in such an unmanly way. "Might've helped with your balance problems."

"But then the ground would miss me too much."

Stoic chuckled as he stood up from his perch, stretching out his massive muscles as he raised his arms above his head. "I should take you to the gym someday." He commented as he heard a satisfying crack before resting his giant palm on Hiccup's thin shoulder. "Maybe add a little more weight on... all that." He said as he gestured with his hand.

Hiccup didn't reply this time, just stared down at his sheets as

his fists tightened against the soft fabric. The atmosphere turned awkward, breaking from Stoic cough as he turned towards the door.
"Very well, goodnight, son."

"Night, dad."

As soon as the door shut behind his father, Hiccup curled onto his side, pressed his face against his pillow and released his pent up anger and fear. He bit into his fist to stop his sobs. What the hell happened?! How could this have happened? Who, on Oden's mighty earth, was that? And how did he know Hiccup's name?

Once his sobbing ceased and his mind calmed he sat up and grabbed his sketchbook and a charcoal pen, having always preferred charcoal over ink or lead but it was a pain at times to use.

Everyone had their outlets, some would run, some would scream, other would beat something into powder to quench their anger and depression. Hiccup would draw, that or dive, but there were no air forces or high mountains in his immediate environment. A pen and paper would do then.

He rubbed at his stinging tired eyes as he skillfully dragged his pen across the paper, his fingertips blackened from the material as did everything else he touched. One lined turned to two and more followed, a sharp curve here, a harsh line there another, yet softer connected to the first. And on and on the pattern went as he thoughtlessly created his art with blurry eyes.

A silent sob escaped him as he finished and gazed at his creation only to see a detailed drawing of the stranger that nearly crushed him. Black instead of green stared up at him and he stared back. Eventually he reached a hesitant hand furrowed and allowed his finger to hover over the picture's right eyebrow, noting how it sloped slightly inward and crinkled the skin. He looked closer in the stranger's eyes and noticed something he had seen but denied to acknowledge before.

Sad.

There was a heavy tone of sadness within those black orbs, hidden by furrowed eyebrows and thick black hair. It was a look he often held when he was young and saw young children being lifted by their mothers. The depression of a person who had lost someone precious and was longing to find them again.

He thought back to the sudden light within the stranger's eyes when he found out Hiccup's name. It was a look he had never seen before, never having seen such happiness in any person before, but why he did not know... unless...

Hiccup pushed away from his desk and leapt onto his bed, burying his face into his pillow as he tried to silence his thoughts. What he needed now was to sleep away his frustration and fear. Tomorrow that stranger would be forgotten and all will go back to normal.

I hope.

* * *

><p>"Toothless!" A hand yanked the tall man out of bewilderment and spun him around until his eyes clashed with an angry yellow.
"Toothless, what's wrong?"<p>

"Stormfly." He acknowledge as he shook his head, he ran a hand through his fringe and pushed that inky strands back. "Stormfly, I found him." He near shouted as he grasped onto the tall woman's shoulders. His eyes glowing with emotion that she hadn't seen in him for a very long time. "The others may be here too. Stormfly, Meatlug was right!"

The blue-haired woman gasped as she stepped back from the taller man. Her eyes filled with hope as her bottom lip quivered. "Really? Yo-you've found him? Them?"

Toothless sucked in a quick breath and bit his bottom lip before slowly shaking his head side to side. "Just him." He said as he ducked his head to avoid seeing the disappointment in her eyes. "But I'm sure the others are here. I can feel it."

Stormfly nodded as a watery smile spread. "It's alright, we've waited 'til now, what's a little more gonna do? Not like we can die."

"Damn right, we can't. Eternal life, my friends. Eternal life." Hookfang, a burly man with long flaming red hair tied to a pony tail at the back of his head, snarled as he stepped out of the shadows. His upper lip pulled back in a snarl as he slammed a fist on a wall to a nearby house, the bricks cracked with the force. "In these weaker forms."

"Oh, hush." A small hand slapped the back of the man's head as a petite plump girl suddenly leaped out of the darkness as well, followed by a pair of quite twins. "Don't be such a downer, you big dummy." She scolded as she slapped his arms this time. "Your rider could be in this life, and once you find him you'll be just as excited as Toothless."

Hookfang's cheeks reddened slightly as he looked away from the plump woman. His hand reached out and grabbed hers as he grumbled under his breathe. "Don't be such a smartass all the time, Meatlug."

The woman huffed, but held onto his large hand with a slight blush.

Toothless smiled at his closest friends then noticed out of the corner of his eye the twins slip back in the shadows. A smirk spread across his face as he anticipated an attack.

His musings were cut off by a hand on his forearm. "Toothless, does he remember?" Stormfly questioned.

That question brought an onslaught a heavy tension in the atmosphere. Toothless moved his gaze away from his friends and glared into the darkness. His brow furrowed in frustration. "No, he does not." He stated. "He doesn't remember a thing."

A moment passed with tension until Meatlug slowly slipped out of Hookfang's hold and gently stroked Toothless' lean back. "We are not in our original form." She said slowly, her words were carefully

chosen as she leaned her head back as far as she could to look into Toothless's eyes. Her blonde locks, pushed back by a hairband, swayed gently in the soft breeze. "And he is human. To him, if any memories resurfaced, it would just be a dream. We are creatures of myth and legends, Toothless. We've known that they wouldn't remember for centuries."

He sucked a deep breath before turning to look into the plump woman's gentle brown eyes. "I know..." He whispered as he ran his hand through his hair again. "I know... but he ran from me, Meatlug. He was terrified of me." He leaned his head back as he closed his eyes. "I was so happy to see him, but he looked at me like... like he did the first time he saw me."

All the former dragons flinched as they understood what had occurred, knowing that the fear and desperation on their former riders face would crush them given that they witnessed it themselves again, after so long a separation.

Meatlug's soft hand rubbed circles on the black-haired man's back, her bottom lip quivering as she thought of something to say to the hurting man. Stormfly clenched her hands into fists as she fought not to think of the fearful expression on her own riders face while Hookfang angrily glared at the ground.

Suddenly a squealing rat was flung into the red-head's hair causing the man to shriek as he fell back onto his bottom.

The other 3 companions jumped as they stared at their struggling comrade try to pull off the frightened rat from his face, a line of profanities left his mouth as the rat hooked its claws into his skin.

"They are afraid now." One twin said as he giggling stepped out of the shadows from behind Stormfly, admiring his work on their foul-mouth friend.

"But they won't be for long." The other continued as he stepped out from Stormfly's smirking at the female's vicious glare.

"We'll just have to remind them who we are without actually reminding them." They finished together and nodded happily.

Breathlessly Hookfang managed to pry the squealing rat away from his face and throw the bloodthirsty creature away from him, satisfied once he heard the killing crack as the wall met with the beast's spine. "You. Two. Are. Demons." He snarled as he got onto his feet and began stomping towards the giggling green-haired twins with twinkling black eyes.

Meatlug sighed as she marched over and stopped the rampaging Hookfang by placing a hand on his chest and pulling on his collar to make him bend over and meet her eyes. "We really don't need a brawl right now." She stated as she daringly met his glowering eyes.

"Not a brawl, sweetheart, I'm just gonna tear a few limbs out of their sockets." He snarled as he switched his glare towards the smirking twins instead who were puffing out their chests and sticking their tongues at him.

Toothless turned away from them and stared down the street Hiccup had ran through. _Remind them without actually reminding them. _

He smirked.

3. I should've taken that ride

****Chapter 2 - **_**I should've taken that ride**_**

* * *

><p>Hiccup groaned loudly as he slammed his hand heavily on his shrieking phone, loathing the loud melody sounding from its small speakers. He quickly turned off the alarm and glared at the bright screen cheerfully displaying the time in a deep red against a forest-covered background. His eyes adjusted to the onslaught of light from his bedroom window for him to see that the joyful clock was 7.00 am. Meaning he had an hour before school started.<p>

He could hear his father experiencing the same morning as he in the next room, most likely a more severe case due to a hangover. A loud smash alerted Hiccup of his father breaking yet another alarm clock, followed shortly by a string of profanities and a deep, groggy chuckle from downstairs. Gobber must've stayed the night.

Hiccup sat up on his bed, his hand raking through his tangle mess of hair before sliding down over his eyes where he rubbed his eyelids with morning exhaustion. He heaved himself off his bed with a moan and stretched his back until he heard a satisfying crack from his more frail and unexercised bones made.

"I really need to work out more." He said to himself as he riffling through his closet for a decent outfit to wear to class. "Jumping out of a plane doesn't exactly make me a muscle-man." He chuckled to himself while pulling out a clean green T-shirt and jeans.

"Hiccup!" His father's loud, morning aggressive voice shouted from downstairs. "Hiccup! I can't find the blasted coffee!"

"It's on the top shelf, dad."

"Ain't there!"

"Did you look behind the tea boxes?"

A moment of silence followed, allowing Hiccup to dress himself quickly and run a brush through his untamable hair. He gave up once he noticed that his hair was simply made to be livid.

"Ah! There ya are, ya sleazy can o' caffeine! Thought ye can hide from Stoic the Vast, eh?!"

Hiccup chuckled as he walked down the stairs. There sat Gobber, barbarically digging into the left-over ham from the day before, and his father, victoriously mixing his coffee together. Gobber grunted in greeting while his father merely nodded his large head back in acknowledgement.

"Do ya need a ride to school?" He asked as he near-slammed the a cup of coffee in front of his closest friend before taking a long swig of his own.

Hiccup shrugged as he maneuvered around the 2 large men taking up their small kitchen, his main target was the loaf of bread sitting longingly on the counter, just waiting to be buttered and consumed. "You don't have to, I can handle going to school on my own."

Stoic eyed Hiccup cautiously. The young boy held back a sigh as he prepared himself for his overprotective father. Of course he wouldn't let Hiccup go out on his own after last night. He probably wasn't buying his usual "Iâ€™m just a clumsy fishbone" excuse.

"Hiccupâ€|"

"Really, dad, I'm fine! Stumbling through roads is what I do." Hiccup joked as he untwisted the plastic wrapping and took out 2 slices of bread, popping them in the toaster.

"Listen ta 'im Stoic. He is a Haddock! Lay off da boy a bit." Gobber grumbled, sucking on his fingers for the traces of ham juice.

Stoic huffed as he took another swing from his cup, his eyes roaming his son with caution. "Are ye sure?"

Hiccup breathed heavily through his nose before nodding. "Yeah, I'm â€"

* * *

><p>"not sure. Oh, I'm not sure at all." Hiccup whispered harshly whilst hiding behind a tree, eyeing where the dark-haired stranger casually leaned against the wall of his school- right next to the entrance.<p>

And to make matters worse, the stalker wasn't alone.

A large frame man with blazing red hair stood next to him, straight-back with arms crossed, glaring at the masses of students tiredly shuffling into the school building. They looked to be conversing, but the stalker didn't seem to be listening at all, his eyes were scanning the crowd with apprehension.

Hiccup moaned lowly as he slammed his back against the trunk, his back-pack slid down his arm until it snagged on his fingers, it's bottom skimming the green grass beneath. He looked up at the blue skies above and mouthed "Why?" with exasperation.

"Oh, what do we have here? Hiccup the lame!" An obnoxiously loud voice exclaimed accompanied by the sound of heavy footfalls.

Hiccup glanced forward and saw his beloved cousin, Snotlout, smirking at him with his arms crossed over his puffed out gorilla chest. He shifted his sights to the sky once more and groaned audibly. "Are you kidding me?"

"Ehm, I can't kid the truth, you are lame, you loser." Snotlout replied to his rhetoric question and leaned back on his heels with a

satisfied grin.

"Good one, Snotlout. I'm impressed, you're come-backs are even worse than what they were before. Bravo." Hiccup deadpanned as he tossed his back-pack onto his back and patted down his T-shirt.

Snotlout scowled. "What'd you say, you-"

"Snotlout!" a deep voice roared followed by a rumble. "Snotlout! Snotlout!" Hiccup whirled around and saw the large red-head barreling his way through the throng of students. His eyes were wide with childish glee as he neared them at an alarming pace.

"Oi! Oi! Oi!" The wild man shrieked as he tackled the, by that point, blanched-faced Snotlout into the ground.

It took a moment until Snotlout understood that there was a strange and, most likely, dangerous man on top of him, straddling his hips and hugging his broad shoulders. With a delayed yelp of surprise he struggled against his heavy restraint. His bulging arms worked to shove the powerful man off of him.

"Hey, hey. Get off, dammit!" a string of profanities left the boy's mouth until he caught sight of Hiccup. "Oi! Loser, help me!"

Hiccup shook himself out of his shock at seeing his large cousin be tackled by the companion of his stalker. He knew he wouldn't be able to have the muscled man off of his cousin with his frail arms and instead scanned the struggling pair for another way.

There.

Quickly Hiccup shoved his hand beneath the man's arm, where he saw what he knew for a fact was sensitive skin, and drilled his 2 fingers into the pit connecting his arm to his torso. The great man let out a feminine shriek as he quickly released the struggling boy.

Hiccup couldn't help but give a silent cheer as his plan worked, but that cheer soon received a harsh turn for the worse when the man stood to his full height and glowered down at him.

Great, I save my cousin and I get beaten to death as a reward. I should've taken that ride with dad.

Hiccup backed away from the menacing man, gripping his bag tighter. "Ehm, let's not do anythingâ€¦| drastic now." Hiccup attempted to reason.

The red-head didn't seem to hear him as a moment later, he charged. Hiccup ducked as the man came barreling at him with a battle cry, already bracing himself for a very painful impact. Experience from being bullied for years by his classmates came in handy at times like these.

Bodies collided andâ€¦| nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing touched him, but he could've sworn he heard the dull thump of two bodies colliding in the air.

Slowly he opened his eyes and stood a little straighter. He didn't know whether to be terrified or grateful of the scene before him. His stalker had apparently been the body that the horrifying red-head had ruthlessly tried to maul.

His body tensed as he took in the events happening before his very eyes. The 2 men were wrestling each other on the ground with no clear winner in sight. Punches were thrown and heads were crashed onto one another.

Then he was whisked away from the scene by his collar. His clumsy feet stumbled and his knees trembled as he tried to gain his bearings while at the same time glancing back to see his kidnapper.

Snotlout.

Snotlout was grumbling as he dragged Hiccup across the grounds towards the school. He was walking as quickly as he could, mumbling under his breath as he shot worrisome looks towards the brawling men behind them.

_And I thought he didn't care about me. _Hiccup couldn't stop the sarcastic thought as he was literally dragged across the school yard and shoved into the building. Once there, Snotlout's kind act turned vicious as he then lifted his cousin by the collar and pushed him up against the near-by lockers.

"That didn't happen." He snarled, his upper lip twitching back from his teeth as he spoke while his brow furrowed with annoyance. "I was not just saved by a hiccup, like you."

Hiccup didn't say anything in reply. How could he? His stalker followed him to school, buddy of said stalker tackles his cousin, he saves said cousin, gets himself into a life-and-death situation with said buddy and now saved by cousin who is currently threatening him.

I really, really should've taken that ride.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sighed as he was, yet again, shoved into the lockers by the school's popular jocks, the Dragons, dropping his unzipped bag in the process. His books spilled onto the tiled school floor as his pencils, pens and other school supplies clanked loudly and rolled around.<p>

Quite frankly, Hiccup thought they were just a bunch of over-muscled meatheads who just love unnecessary violence. He had a theory that they train their brawn because they can't do the same with their brain.

"Watch it, Fishbone." Said their brainless leader, Leon Thunderdrum. He was a big-boned, brawny football quarterback and he had made it his mission in life to make everyone around him miserable, Hiccup being an exclusive deal.

As the brawns-for-brains group walked past he easily spotted out

Tuffnut shooting him an apologetic glance and Snotlout glaring. Both followed the great Leon out of the building.

Hiccup heaved another sigh as he dropped to his knees and began to re-gather his materials; stashing his books back into his worn bag and shoving the pencils near him into the pockets.

A large shadow suddenly covered him. Hiccup stifled another sigh as he slowly glanced up. Black combat boots.

Who in this school has black combat boots?

"Uhm, you need any help?" An awkward voice said from above as the boots shuffled in their place.

Hiccup tensed. He recognized that voice.

Shutting his eyes tightly he moved his head upwards and breathed in deeply before his eyes slowly opened.

His stalker. Could this day get any worse?

Hiccup abandoned his bag as he stood up and patted his clothes clean from the dust that littered the floor. He looked the man in the eye and forced his fear back.

He was fed up.

Since that morning he'd been bullied and humiliated and now, stalked. No, he didn't need this new guy in his pathetic life. He didn't need yet another harasser. He may have been a hiccup, something his family and schoolmates has drilled into his mind for as long as he could remember, but he will not let this man scare him witless.

"Who are you and what do you want from me." It wasn't a question. It was a statement. He was done playing whatever messed up game this guy wanted him to join.

The dark-haired man stepped back. His green eyes shone with worry, something that confused Hiccup, but he had decided not to care.

"My name.. it's To-Tom, Tom Night, and I-I don't want anything from you." He stumbled and rushed as he twiddled his fingers.

Hiccup's eyes widened slightly before he stilled his facial expression to be blank. No, he couldn't let this stranger catch him off guard, which could be what he wants him to be.

"Then why do you keep following me?"

"Uhm, I just.. It's..!" The man trailed off and then looked towards the ground. Without warning he swept down and plucked one of Hiccup's books from the floor. Hiccup jumped back in surprise while bringing his hands up to shield his face. "This," The man eagerly pointed towards an open page of a book. "do you remember this?"

Hiccup eyed the man apprehensively before turning his gaze towards the book. His eyes widened upon recognizing his journal being held up

by the man he was convinced was a stalker. It was a fresh charcoal drawing of a contraption designed to help a man soar through the air like a bird. It was a rough draft of the winged equipment with several side-notes with arrows pointing at various objects on the contraption.

Angrily, Hiccup tore his book away from the stranger's hands and shoved it into his book bag along with the few papers still littering the floor, crumbling them horribly.

"I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but I don't want to be some kind of a piece in it. Leave me alone." Hiccup grumbled as he pushed his way past the man and hurried down the corridors, running to catch the bus home.

I'm going to ride with dad tomorrow.

* * *

><p>AN _**I have no excuse for my super long absence... I was away on vacation for the past 2 months and the weeks before that was crazy with school exams and reports and shit like that. So, writing was pretty much a no-go. I really appreciate everyone who has reviewed about my story, really. When I wrote the 1st chapter I was just screwing around with a story idea and it was you guys who pretty much gave me a clear and solid idea and will to stick to it. Hopefully, IÂ'll be able to write more, but until then, thank you all!

Please review!

**PS/** I watched HTTYD2 and I couldn't help but add a little extra umph and tears in the prologue! If I still have any readers left on this fic please go back and read the last part on the prologue. I can promise you that it's worth the bother ^^

4. Language!

Chapter 3 â€" "Language!"

* * *

><p>"How'd it go?! Did you talk to him? Were the others there as well? Are they okay?! Why aren't you saying anything!" Stormfly shouted as she shook Toothless' ruthlessly by the shoulders, her eyes bright with excitement as her fists, unfortunately, tightened with anticipation.<p>

"Stormfly... Stormfly, I think you're about to shake his head off... And you know it's a pain to regenerate." Meatlug, bless her ever-kind heart, said as she patted the taller girlÂ's shoulder and reached up to loosen her vicious grip on ToothlessÂ' aching shoulders.

Hookfang practically shook with laughter as he braced his massive form against the doorway of their humble home.

ThatÂ's right, they hadnÂ't even stepped through their threshold before the vicious fomer dragoness attempted to kill him with questions and aggressive acts.

Toothless glared at him from the corner of his eye as sweet Meatlug pried the anxious woman off of him. He glanced at the twins, Belch leaned against an antique coffee table they had by the door to place mail and keys on while Barf was looking at the scene with an amused smile as he leaned against the entrance to their living room.

Toothless smirked as he nodded his head towards Hookfang and winked.

They both stood straight as they caught their leaders act and gave him a pair of mischievous grins that stretched across their olive faces. Their shoulder shook with a giggle as they nodded once towards their alpha in return before stepping back into the living room and out the back-door.

"Alright, alright, I'm off! Claws retracted." Stormfly snarled as she shoved Toothless away from her and into the coatrack by their front door. He fumbled to save the wooden holder while nursing his now aching shoulders. "Now answer my goddamn questions!"

Toothless rolled his eyes as he shook himself off and straightened the coatrack. He rubbed his shoulders in an attempt to relieve the throbbing in his muscles. "It didn't go so well."

"What?! What do you mean it didn't go so well? Did you jump his bones?! Oh, gods, you jumped his bone, didn't you! I mean, dear Odin, you are a sick, pathetic excuse for a dragon. You haven't even mated him yet and you just go and rape him." Stormfly rambled as she stepped back and leaned against the coffee table, her hand now cradling her forehead in disbelief. "I need a drink." She whispered to herself before turning her angry, golden eyes towards him. "And you need a fucking lawyer for the restraining order I know we'll get!"

"Stormfly, language!" Meatlug scolded, appaled by her friend's choice of words and manners of speech. She would've interrupted earlier, but her old friends crazy rambling had caught her off guard, as it had everyone else in the room, except for Hookfang who was as red as his hair and crying as he clutched onto his stomach with laughter.

"Sorry, Ålug."

"Anyway... No, I didn't jump him." Toothless said calmly, controlling his boiling temper after such an accusation. "butâ€| Hookfang did jump Snotlout."

That stopped the obnoxious laughter. "H-hey! I was excited! I haven't seen that boy in over a century. Can you really blame me for greeting him?" Hookfang pouted as he spoke, ears as red as his hair while his cheeks paled.

Meatlugg giggled as she quickly ran to hug her giant partner and nuzzle his stomach. "I understand, I probably wouldn't be able to contain myself either if I saw Fishlegs..."

Hookfang wrapped his arms over her slight, plump form as he nodded.

"Yeah, but you wouldn't scare the shit out of him like your lover there. The poor boy looked like he was about to be murdered, especially with that unimpressive war-cry he had going on. Snotlout, Snoutlout, Oi, oi oi!" Toothless mocked as he shook his head and rolled his eyes.

Hookfang's mouth open to retort, but his female companion was quicker.

"Language!"

Stormfly huffed. "Alright, so Hookfang did something stupid, nothing new."

"Hey!"

"Anything else?"

Toothless' expression darkened as he glared at his red-haired companion. The issue had been resolved earlier that day when he came out victorious in their public wrestling match, but Toothless was still fuming over the actions of his reckless friend. "The dumbass," Meatlug groaned. "tried to attack Hiccup."

The former dragonesses stiffened as they processed their leader's words. Meatlug stepped back from her loving embrace and looked into the embarrassed man's eyes with shock and shame. Suddenly, before any of them could comprehend, she struck him straight into the solar plexus with a powerful uppercut, causing him to fall face forward onto their wooden floor.

"You are a dumbass! Attacking one of our own! That boy was the freaking reason we were able to live in peace and harmony for so many years! We owe that boy so much and you go and try to fucking attack him! What the hell is wrong with you!" She kicked his side a few times for good measure while animalistic growls escaped her throat.

All the occupants in the room stared at the brown haired woman in shock. Small strands of hair tickled her cheeks, escaping the hairband she wore to keep the short hair out of her face. Her chest was heaving as she glared at her partner.

"Meatlug, language!" Stormfly broke the tension with a nervous chuckle as she stared wide-eyed at the fuming woman.

Meatlug huffed as she kicked her husband one last time before turning on her heel and walked out of their entrance hall.

"Meatlug, baby, wait!" Hookfang called pathetically as he struggled to stand up right, wincing as he did so. "Meatlu-" he tried to call out to his love, just as a rabid squirrel flew through the open doorway of their home and onto the shocked and humiliated face of the downed man.

The twins pranced into the room with a satisfied smile and nodded to their alpha. "It took us a while to find a suitable creature." They announced together as they joyfully watched their victim fight against the, most likely, infected squirrel, his screams and

profanities bouncing off the walls as the red-head clawed at the determined creature's spine.

Toothless nodded at them with a grin before turning back towards Stormfly who was looking at the show with a sadistic smile. "Serves you right, dumbass."

"I saw the others as well... And I think Hiccup remembers a little."

* * *

><p>Hiccup buried his face into his pillow and screamed.<p>

The entire day had been severely messed up. Even at practice, the one time during the day where he felt unrestricted and free, he still felt someone staring at him. He had continuously turned and twisted to look around him for the dark-haired stranger.

Even when he jumped and glided through the air he searched for him, for his dark hair and green eyes.

He screamed again.

"What's going on with me?" He muttered as he slumped against his bed, easing the few muscles he had into relaxation as his frustration seeped out of him.

"_Son?" Perfect, just what I need._

"What's up, dad?" He murmured against his bed, not bothering to left his tired body and face the brawny man in question.

"Long day?" And there it was, the amused tone in his fathers heavily accented voice. Of course he'd find his son's frustration and anger amusing, his best friend was a one-armed drunkard who ransacked their kitchen every other day.

"You can say that again." He groaned in reply.

Stoic chuckled. Hiccup turned his head slightly and saw his father's massive form leaning against the threshold of his humble room.

"Right then, just don't forget to take off the leg."

Hiccup sighed as he heaved himself up and threw his legs over the edge of his single-bed. He grimaced as he rubbed the juncture of his prosthetic and knee. "Yeah, thanks for reminding me. I'm so used to it I keep forgetting about it." He sheepishly grinned towards his father who, in return, scoffed and shook his head. "Hey, dad! Do you think you could drive me to school tomorrow? My leg has been bothering me since the fall."

Stoic nodded as he stepped back and continued his way downstairs. "Sure thing, Son!" It didn't take long until the boisterous laughter of his father and Gobber filled the house.

Hiccup bit his lip as he stood up and peeled off his jeans, leaving him in his dragon pattern boxers. _Dragons are awesome._ He defended

to no one in particular, having felt a sudden sense of judgment coming his way.

He sat back on his bed before unlatching the prosthetic and easing it off his stomp, followed quickly by the sock designed to make the mechanical limb more comfortable. He ran his hand over the smooth skin and massaged the worn muscle there.

No, he didn't have any exciting story about his lost calf. No dreadful car crashes or airplane accident, no he hadn't lost his leg to an organ dealer in a shady part of town and no, he hadn't done any heroic acts whose price was his fallen limb. He was simply born without the lower half of his leg. The doctor's only excuse was that because he was premature there must've gone wrong in his bodily development and thus he had lived without half a leg all his life. Really some days he didn't even feel that he was missing a part of his appendage, there was no feeling of loss or thoughts that he'd been cheated on. That was his life, might as well live with it.

Hiccup threw himself back onto the mattress and folded his arms behind his head. He refused to think any more of what had happened earlier that day; instead he counted backwards from 1000 and fell asleep somewhere by 639.

* * *

><p>AN** So, Here is a short chapter, but hey! It's an update! Woo!

Just so you all know, everytime someone reviews I fangirl like a 13 year-old at a 1D concert. Honestly, I'm like: JAIOJFOISAOIFA! Which translates to Thank you all so much for your kind words and encouragements.

I am a senior in high school and an athlete of sorts in martial arts... meaning I have very little time in my days to write. Please be patient with my studious ass and keep waiting for a new update, I can't promise it's frequency, but I'll try my damnest to do so. Thank you!

End
file.